

"THE MERMAIDS AND NEPTUNES."

Honest, that is not a joke; it is the name of a new "dollar-a-month" health benefit, medical treatment, contract practice "order." It has a nice, cute little joker in it—in addition to the general rottenness of the whole scheme of the "dollar-a-month" thing. The prospectus, or whatever they call the leaflet, says: "You are permitted to call physician of your choice, together with method of treatment, the Aquarium paying the doctor's bill for you, in the majority of cases enabling the member to call their family physician." (*Sic.*) On inquiry, however, it is elicited that the member can call his family physician—*provided the family physician is a "Neptune"*—a member of the "order." It certainly is a scheme with some cute additions to the general "lodge practice" game; the physician is not paid a salary but his bill against a member is paid by the "Aquarium"—with limitations as to amounts. Therefore quite a few foolish doctors are going to be induced to join, for if one is not a member his patient, who may be a member, can not have him but must have some physician who is a member! Everybody works the doctor—he's so easy!

THE AMERICAN ROYAL SURGICAL EMPORIUM.

It was started, just as scheduled, in Washington, last month; it is called, we believe, the "American College of Surgeons." Finney, of Johns Hopkins, is reported to be its president, and Matas, of New Orleans, its vice-president. And then there is a Board of Regents to cherish its early years and get its nice little feet directed in the right direction! And shortly the fun will begin. Who is a surgeon? What is a surgeon? "Why am I not entitled to belong to this holy organization; I once shook hands with Murphy and have removed ingrowing toe nails? Am I not a surgeon? Who shall say that I must be deprived of the glory of adding those mystic letters to my name? I was excluded from the original lists of the elect merely through jealousy; I am too good a surgeon; everybody is afraid of me and so they keep me out! Odds bodkins! Gads zooks!" And what in the world is the matter with all the "internists"? Are they asleep at the switch? Are they going to let the surgeons, Murphy-Martin directed, put it all over them again? Are they not going to organize an American Royal College of Physicians? Is there to be no way in which a plain, ordinary, self-respecting physician can add a bunch of letters to his name and thus become a better doctor? It is pitifully scandalous to see such lack of energy; such inertia. Are there no great leaders among the physicians—the "internists," as they love to malign themselves? "Up and have at them!" Let us organize the "Internists' National Society Absolutely No One Excluded" and then John Jones may sign his name and have his cards printed "John Jones, M. D., I.N.S.A.N.E." And then let's all join the "Holy Rollers!"

THE FRIEDMANN-PIORKOWSKY-HEID MESS.

And now this poor United States is to be exploited again on the lines of the old "Keeley" cure fake. "Friedmann Institutes" are to be established in the various states and *in these "institutes" only* may tuberculous patients be given the "Friedmann serum" or "vaccine." In a circular letter sent out by the "Friedmann Institute of New York" we read that "Dr. Friedmann's vaccine is of such a nature that it can not be shipped." Exactly; it can not be shipped from one state or territory to another state or territory for the reason that it is not manufactured under a government license and hence is not permitted in interstate commerce! In order to get around this difficulty, and still further commercialize the whole proposition, the various states are to be supplied with these "institutes"—and incidentally, each will probably pay a royalty to the parent grafting institution and to Friedmann. A number of physicians in California have been fooling with a serum supposed to be the same as the Friedmann serum but manufactured by one "Dr. Piorkowski," shipped into this country to a Dr. Heid of Pittsburgh, it is said, as "samples without value," and sold at an enormous price to some of our confiding colleagues. Thank the Lord for the Public Health Service! In a letter recently received from the Surgeon General of that service is the following reassuring sentence: "In accordance with the law and regulations issued thereunder, the entry at Philadelphia of a consignment of the preparation to Dr. Heid has been prohibited by the Secretary of the Treasury." But what sort of madness has led many apparently sane physicians into squirting this unknown "Piorkowski" stuff into their trusting patients! And the game of coining into dollars the last drops of the heart's blood of the poor tuberculous, will now go merrily on at the "Friedmann Institutes!"

WHAT'S THE USE?

"What's the use?" is the beginning and the ending sentence in an editorial published in the *Journal of the Tennessee State Medical Association*. "The General Assembly now in session has been deluged with measures of every conceivable kind intended to lower professional standards and render the public still more easy prey for the multiplying cults, each of which loudly proclaims itself the sole possessor of knowledge and truth." The Chiropractics got a bill through recognizing them in Knox County and it is stated that a petition was presented, endorsing these quacks, and signed by a number of regular physicians and members of the State Association! Things must be a little worse in Tennessee than they are in California, and God knows, they are bad enough here!